

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. *A noise within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noise is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares seven times salt
Burne out the sense and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madnesse shall be paid with waight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May!
Deare maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Masters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you
love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for
you, and here's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a
Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a
Dafie: I would give you some Violets, but they witherd all when
my father died; they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to favour and to prettinesse.

Ophel. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Song.

Song.

Flaxen

Prince of Denmarke.

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moane,
God a mercy on his soule, and all Christian soules.
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this O God?

King. *Laertes* I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny meright; goe but a part.
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us toucht, we will our kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No Trophey, sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,

And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. A shall sir an't please him. There's a letter for you sir, it
came from the Embassadour that was bound for England, if your
name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt have over-look't this, give these
fellowes some meanes to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere
wee